

Entertaining Short Stories by Good Writers

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THE END OF THE STORY.

By JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

Every few minutes during the past hour she had peeped out of the window to see Twenty times she had trailed her beautiful robe up and down the room, and had looked at her reflection tall mirror, turning her pretty head and posing with a childish delight. f it, Kitty! Think of it!" had cried to the white cat, watching her with lazy surprise from the rug. "He has been away two years-dear old, honest, oving Bob!-and I was so poor when he went away-so wretchedly poor and hard-working in that awful school. he always saw me in shirt waists Kitten! I never had a whole dress-never! And now look at this!—and my beautiful, beautiful home!—and money enough to make any number of people I was almost sorry that he had rich, Kittycat; but what does it He liked me when I was poor and that is the test, after all. How glad he'll be!-how very glad-

And the thought of it had set her musing, so that she did not even hear the bell when he rang-did not know that he was coming until he was standing at the door. big and strong and sunburned, and hold-

She flew to him then, forgetting the pretty home and the dress and all the rest of it. There was such a flame in her cheeks, such a shining delight in her eyes that he might have been pardoned f he had kissed her. Her face was upifted, there was a tremulous smile on her ns. He might so easily have kissed her. old-time's sake if for nothing else, nd because they had been companions and chums in poverty and misfortune. But he did not. He held her away from him with both hands, instead, and looked ver her with astonished scrutiny. Nell!-but you have come out!"

"If I had met you anywhere dse. I wouldn't have known you-on my word. I wouldn't-especially in that dress never saw you wear anything like that," he added, apologetically, "Well, of course not!" she replied, gayly,

giving him a seat near the fire, and bring-ing her own chair opposite. "Fancy an underteacher at Mme. Tully's wearing repe de chine! But, oh, isn't it pretty, Rob? Isn't everything pretty. And weren't

Wasn't I!" cried the man, cordially. "It mber how we used to pretend you and I were living a story, and that everyhing that happened was part of it?" A brighter color had flamed up into the s face. Bob paused a little while to idmire it, and to recall slowly that in the old school-teaching days she had been a

member that night?--and then after a

as you have." murmured the girl. had turned her chair around a little, was looking at the fire.

we foolish youngsters?" he askwith honest amusement. "I suppose om losing heart with all that confounderty and hard times. But it was you that got it up-you musn't forget I'd never have thought of it my

To pass away the time," said the girl. softly, with the firelight making a flick-

bring gleam in her eyes. he responded, heartily "Oh, of course," hat I was to come back rich, and after e any more hard times-and-all that, Her hands were in her lap and she did

not stire but insensibly, her fingers tight-

le Waldemar's death, and outing a pretty interesting little serial the wrath of the stiff-necked old squire. With a wrench she brought herself to

If there was a film of mois-We have both had great good fortune,

take care of myself as long as I now it is quite different. home-think of me with any kin! ife, and very poor ones at that. And that reminds me-you haven't

growing more radiant as he He was feeling for somehis breast pocket, and he drew wish face, and a pert upward

is," he said, "smiling and "Her father is president at here most of the fall on a

unless you'll come and live with dressed was dead. at last slowly and painfully,

glow had suddenly slipped from

"Going away!" cried Bob, in dismay.

the mantel—not for support, surely? "But Centre was in a bad way generally. Right I was always selfish. Bob, and the passion in the midst of the stagnation a stranger for travel is on me. You can't expect me to remember friends when I have worlds of money and am my own mistress. I am hair and beard, and had the air of a proshaven't decided yet."

ontinuation of our story," he said, de-ectedly. "You might stay awhile, for summer. I told him I thought he would jectedly. my sake, Sell. Away out there in the find Eden Center quiet enough just thee, mines I have been thinking what jony times we'd have together—with Her—and way:

"Yes, it does seem quieter than it used that story of ours-

"Yes, they have been so amusing," she said, lightly, yet with a thread of agony asked him, giving him a quick look, and running through the note of gayety. "I vainly trying to place him. running through the note of gayety. "I shall never think of them without laughshall never think of them without laughing. You can always picture me wandering around the Old World-always with spoke, and the matter was dropped. my chaperone-and laughing to think of

away with a puzzled frown on his brows. She stood where he had left her, whitefaced, and yet with a smile on her lips. The cat came to her and rubbed against her delicate dress. She took the animal up and pressed her cheek against its soft

"The end of the story, Kitty," she said, desolately. "The end of the story." (Copyright, 1966, Daily Story Publishing Company.

THE LANDLORD'S STORY.

BY WILL S. GIDLEY.

It had fairly poured for two days, and I had waded through all the newspapers and other eading matter to be had at the little Adirondack hotel at which I was

The landlord, Mr. Carpenter, was a jolly old fellow, who was noted for his sprightly stories, and he did his best to entertain his guests and keep up their spirits as they sat on the broad piazza of the Wayside House and watched the steady downpour.

I did not join the group on the veranda. If there is anything I particularly dislike it is to listen to the chatter of a lot of people who are trying to delude themselves into the belief that they are enoying life when the face of nature is ankle deep with mud and water, and it is was just like a story, you know. Do you still raining as if it never intended to stop. So I stuck to my room and bur-rowed my way through books, week-old swspapers, patent medicine almanacsanything that would help me in a measare to forget the abominable weather. But on the evening of the second day, when it grew suddenly colder and a roar-ting wood fire had been kindled in the line first place, the gentleman didn't any-ting wood fire had been kindled in the line first place, the gentleman didn't any-ting wood sill the way to the college.

"When it turned around that I had to go open fireplace in the big sitting-room, I say a word all the way to the cottage—out to the mines, you know," he went on, genially, "we talked it over—do you re-cheerful blaze."

In the first place, the gentleman didn't ways the same, he would reply cheerfully: "That's nice."

And when they asked him how it went purty night all the way to keep up with Now, if ever, was the time for story- him.

"Yes, go ahead!" shouted several voices

"Give us the story by all means," urged one of the ladies. "I can always sleep bet-ter if I have a ghost story or some exciting adventure to go to bed on."
"Well," began the landlord, reflectively,

"I don't think this comes under the head of a ghost story nor even a story of adventure. I'll have to tell it, and let you classify it for yourselves. The climax of The only part of it that I originated was my story came ten years ago, when I was keeping a hotel in my native village, that you wouldn't have to teach, or to which I will call Eden Center; but the be ginning dated back many years before that, to the time when the Peeks were the nabobs of the place.

"Squire Peek, with his wife and only end over one another to keep from daughter, lived in a big white house on a trembling. He did not see it. He was hill in the outskirts of the village, and a her with amused reminiscence haughty, high-stepping old chap he was when I first knew him. He always seemed I don't know when I'd ever thought of to consider himself and his family a little our story before," he went on, "until above the rest of the folks in Eden Cenyour letter came six months ago telling ter, and when Lucinda Peek grew up, although she was by long odds the best w the home, the fortune and everything looking young lady in the place, and while the young fellows were all half daft over then, and I said to myself 'That's part of her, none of them really had the courage to make love to her for fear of arousing

"The first one who tried it was an outsider, and the ruthless way in which his talse her eyes from the fire and look at aspirations were nipped in the bud by Lucinda's father held forth very little enyoung college student, named Henry Ranshe said. "We never dreamed of dell, who had come to Eden-Center to ng quite so grand as this, even in spend his summer vacation in earning some needed money. Though dependent aperone-no one doubted that I wholly upon his own earnings, he was bravely working his way through college, it seems, and he got a job keeping the books and making up accounts at the vil-I had lived in rented houses lage store daytimes, and at night he gave lessons on the violin and other musical instruments. He was a first-class singer. too, and soon after coming to the place d the best of my fortune yet," cried he started a singing school, hiring the schoolhouse and charging a regular fee piece of news that would for the lessons, which he gave every Thursday evening.
"It was at the singing school that he

tly-a photograph of a made the acquaintance of Lucinda Peek, and it was a clear case of love at first sight. He was a manly young fellow, and when the rest of the boys saw how matwith pride and pleasure betters were shaping there wasn't one of them but wished him well.

Lucinda in young Randell's handwriting sailly flittle girl!" said Nell, laughty at the idea.

Lucinda in young Randell's handwriting came after he went away, but the post-master, who was a friend and sort of dependent of the squire, saw to it that none of them ever reached her. Finally one of them ever reached her. Finally one of the letters received after Randell had left the sheet over it now. I am say the place was returned to him, so I've her feeling of that sort. But, the letters received after name in heard, she have the place was returned to him, so I've to get a home somewhere near heard, with the notation across the face as came from the high brown beard it tween two great cities on the river. When

he photograph down on the ta- and then it was discovered that most of of the night lamp, did her best to south; purpose to say the light," in return, and John flame had died down in the grate, his fortune had been wasted in unwise The big house on the bill speculations. was sold and mother and daughter moved ere so kind to think of it, Bob," into a small cottage at the other end of with a smile on her pallid lips, the village. A year later Mrs. Peek dicd, ow that would be lovely. I of a broken heart, it was said, and Luow that would be lovely. I of a broken heart, it was said, and Lu-have dreamed of anything better cinda was left alone in the world. She of a broken heart, it was said, and Lucinda was left alone in the world. She upon the sailor's face, and his eyes fell upon the sailor's eyes. He was not quite was now thirty years of age, and though sensible yet, for it seemed he mistoog the

"Well, ten years rolled around, and those "Why, Nell! And leave your new home? of us who had been young once were growing old, Lucinda among the rest. The savings bank had failed that spring, business the savings bank had failed that spring, business bank had failed that spring, business bank had failed that spring business bank had been young once were growing onc arose, and leaning one hand lightly on ness was almost at a standstill, and Eden California-Japan, perhaps-I perous business man. He engaged board at the hotel, saying he was from California, "And I had been planning such a lovely and was looking around for some quiet summer. I told him I thought he would

"'Why, when were you here before?" I

"Well, the first night he was there he the old times. But the story is at an end, sat around, listening to every word that Bob." She shook hands with him, and he went but taking no part in the conversation. After a while the crowd began to discuss the bank trouble and one of the party said:

'Too bad about Lucinda Peek, isn't it? They say she lost every cent she had by the savings bank failure, and it is only a question of time when she will have to give up her cottage and go out to work Before the sentence was fairly ended,

the stranger was standing at the desk be-fore me, with face white as a sheet. "For God's sake, tell me quick!" gasped—'is Lucinda Peek alive?"

'Why of course she's alive,' said I. " 'And her father and mother?' he asked next.

'They're both dead,' I replied. "'And she no longer lives in the big house on the bill-in her old home?" he questioned eagerly.
"'No,' said I; 'she is now living in a

nall cottage out near the-Excuse me for interrupting, he broke impatiently. 'My name is Randell. I used to know Miss Peek. I must see her at once.' Have you some one you can send with me to show me the way to her

"I called in Joe, my man of all work; and, by the way, Joe is still in my employ and I think I'd better let him tell the rest of the story." Stepping into the door opening into the

"Here, Joe; come in and tell the and gentlemen what happened the night you showed the stranger from California the way to Miss Peek's cottage.'
"Well," began Joe, apologetically, as he stepped into the room, "I reckon ye'll all be disap'inted, because there didn't any-

hotel storeroom, the landlord sung out:

jest walked; that's all-an' I had to run purty nigh all the way to keep up with

the way to the cottage," suggested for

the landlord, smilingly.

"Oh, yes," said Joe, "the gentleman things to delight him. handed me a ten-dollar gold-piece the next day, an' when I told him it was too said Joe. much, he said, 'No, siree, you earned every cent of it, an' more besides.' My a pleased smile. conscience troubled me considerably for aking it, though, for a day or so, but John-poor John!" when I heard that he gave the village ominie \$50 for marryin' him an' Lucinda, that same night I showed him the way to her cottage-an' only a five-minutes job at dell must be a millionaire an' quit worrvin' over it.'

Copyright, 1900, Daily Story Publishing Company.) IN THE LITTLE HOSPITAL.

BY P. Y. BLACK.

In the little country hospital the young nurses were very good and attentive to ness long enough to have grown callous. couragement to the others. He was a year's course, and their lips would twitch dreadfully worried, when the and their faces whiten very often in the came at nightfall to hear the child re-But they were brave, and went about the the nurses and all sick people and dear pretty hospital singing softly in the cool John. But one night when they were corridors, carrying little white clothed both very weak, John asked Joe to give trays to the sick rooms, and being the him his hand while he prayed.

Now one beautiful bright spring aftersmashed together, and the doctors, and the matron and the nurses were plunged into a world of work, for ambulance after ambulance came driving up from the was no hope at all for him—a clergyman came to prepare him. He took the news to prepare him. He took the news calmet upon her weeping, thing about because his father and mother were both killed in the collision, and there was nothing on them to show who "But the course of true love runs un- or what they were, except that they were the photograph with a steady discontant the photograph with the was going a long sail, would you have g

with her most of of it that the person to whom it was adgeneral. He was a very bitter mouthed it knew they were there and smiled man, indeed. The little nurse, by the light purpose to say "Good night." Alway him, because he roused other patients, him, because he roused other patients, also. Then Jow squeezing the ones and there was a terrible groaning and walling in the small ward. And all at "How do you feel, John, to-night?" once the little boy came to his senses, too just for a minute, and his face was turn-

wearing, and was silent for a moment. and then muttered clumsily:

"I'm all right." "That's nice," said the boy, and became inconscious again.

The sailor did not abuse anything any more just then, but lay groaning, and every now and again when the little nurse lipped by in the shadow, he called to her oftly, and the first time he said:

"Pretty little chap." The nurse nodded and smiled, and the sailor smiled back and, until morning and tenderly. came at last, he only groaned and watched the child, and did not curse at all, but every time the nurse came to wipe his brow, or to give him a drink, he waispered to her to look at the boy.
"Pretty chap-he thought I was his

dad," he said, and would have laughed. only his pain made him groan instead. Again he caught the nurse's hand. 'Said it was nice, he did. Cute, ain't e?" and then his face was twisted in

Now it will not be good to talk much of the next few terrible weeks, because the doctors were very, very busy, and the ooor nurses quite worn out. But the ough man and the little boy still lay in cots next each other, and for a long time neither knew where they were, and they talked of many things which had nothing to do with their surroundings, the sailor of the ships and seas and shores, and the child of playmates in a land far, far away

rom the little hospital. Then at last they both became sensiboy was much distressed at his father and mother not being with him. Then the little nurses, with good hearts, told him that his mother had been hurt, too, told and his father, but they would come for him soon. This they said believing, for whispered to each other that the God would surely let the mother ome to meet the pretty child when it was ime for him to go. And the doctors brought him wonderful presents every day in their pockets, and told the matron that the boy could not last long. The matron would kiss him every night n his cot, and tuck him in-he had to be still on his back always-and so the oy grew reconciled to waiting for his

ather and mother to come to him. But neither could the sailor rise from is back, and neither could the sailor hope to sail the sea again, for he was in the same case with the child, and both were slowly dying. At first sometimes the big grown man would forget himself in his pain, and the nurses would shut their ears, terrified, and the matron would threaten to move him to a room by him-self, and that frightened him to silence or ever since the accident he had a great ove for the child. The child would look at his huge friend in surprise when he ell in one of his rages, and say:

"Oh! John, that's not nice."
And John would bite his lips at once nd be patient. Then the child would say "How do you feel, John?" And the sailor would answer:

'First rate, Joe. "That's nice," little Joe would say, and hey would lie quiet and look out of the window at the river and beyond where the big hills purpled to the skies, and were always looking up.

So it was in the mornings, when Joe emed always first awake, and ready have his hands and face washed by the nurse. He could not turn about to ee the other patients, but he learned all see the other patients, but he learned all who had promised to go singing through their names and as soon as he heard life with "Singing Bob," It was charm them moving, he always asked very potely:

"How do you feel, Mr. Smith?" And Mr. Smith would always answer "First rate, Joe."

That's nice," said Joe, and so he would ask each in turn and to each answer, al-

hember that night?—and then after a while we laughed because we were only has story, and the story was bound to come out right, and no matter how bad things looked, I was dead sure to come back in a year or two with loads of the head. "These two wet days have pumped me dry, so to speak, I connected the door, an' I heard him say."

Now, if ever, was the time for story-blim. "An' when we got to the gate, an' I told him that was the place, he went flyin' up the walk, an' began knockin' at the door as if he was there on some mighty urgent business. In a minit or so Miss Peek days have pumped me dry, so to speak, I with him, he always said, though some-times with an effort, "I'm pretty well, tory shake of the head. "These two wet days have pumped me dry, so to speak. I can only think of one more story, but as there isn't anything comical about that che, I don't suppose you'll care to hear it."

business. In a minit or so Miss Peek opened the door, an' I heard him say, and became very fond of each other. The sailor became so good, as he grew weaker there isn't anything comical about that the held out both hands an' said, 'Why, it's Henry! 'And the next minit they were the days in the sailor and became very fond of each other. The sailor became so good, as he grew weaker and levels in the sailor and became very fond of each other. The sailor became so good, as he grew weaker the sailor became so good as he grew weaker the sailor became so good as he grew weaker the Henry! 'And the next minit they were cots to be drawn together so close that hangin' onto each other and laughin' and they could touch each other's hand, if cryin' both at onct, like a pair of softies, they woke at night, and so be comforted and I seen I had no further bizness there. The sailor did not think very much of his so I come away an' left 'em—an' that's all own troubles, it seemed, but grew quite there was to it."

Ine sallor did not think very inden of his have a beefsteak or chops for breakfast?

Little O Gin San came and, as all little or common and the sallor did not think very inden of his have a beefsteak or chops for breakfast? 'Who was nice to send me them, John?"

"I guess your mammy," said John, with But nobody sends anything to you,

"I ain't good enough, Joe." "But you're nice. John," said the child, In the long, lonely days and evenings the boy would ask for stories, and John that-I made up my mind that Mr. Ran- would tell wonderful things of strange seas and strange peoples, but often in the dim of the nightlamp, Joe would tell John stories, all very strange and wonderful to the sailor, of fairies and angels and stars. Very often, when the child, out of girl at home-but O Gin San couldn't read. saw him coming and heard what he said. pain, fell asleep after ledling a story, John would lie awake, so that the little nurse coming round in the night would find him looking out of the window at the night, Joe's little hand in his, and tears. verybody, not having been in the busi- salt as the seas, upon the sailor's cheeks. Joe would not go to sleep without first They were nice girls, mostly in their first saying his prayers, and at first John was operating room, or when they held a pa- peat them, and ask for blessings upon tient's hand while he died in the night, father and mother and the matron and

best of medicines themselves by reason of "I never was taught to pray myself, their neatness, their bright eyes, and mum," he whispered to the matron, "but I want to be counted in."

two trains filled with pleasure seekers John and Joe were all alone save for the

is so innocent he needs no preparation. just as he had summoned up courage to greeted the innovation with joyful surtell her. He took the little creature in greeted the innovation with joyful surtell her.

The man came to his senses first, and said nothing more until prayer time, when two maight. The nurse on watch was light. The nurse on watch was "Pray hard, Joe. Pray hard for me to

the steamer turned a point, its light flashwhich would be the most delight.

In the world. She's such a child, but such things will happen when a pennitor and the world. She's such a child, but such things will happen when a pennitor above his great, massive legs. So he began to above his great, massive legs, so he began the but such things will happen when a pennitor and the nurse and made a story that nd she must have company less student falls in love with a nabob's hospital, and the nurse, and mankind in watch for it. Joe had made a story that Then Jos squeezing the once pow-

"First rate, Joe," poor John would answer, with a smothered groan, That's nice." And they would lie very still or grad-

low's eyes, was abashed and stopped his low, husky whisper, while Joe's little hand rested on his. But the boy's eyes were wide with a strange light.

"It didn't say 'good night,' John," he whispered, and tried to squeeze his friend's hand. "It said 'good-by."

The sailor tried to rise in the bed, bu

was unable even to call out. He saw the river but he could not see the other side. It was dark. He was afraid His fingers closed round the child's feebly. "How-do-you-feel to-night, dear John?" said little Joe's voice, very softly

There was a moment's pause.

allor's voice rang out with a glad cry.
"First rate, Joe."
"That's nice," said the child. And the little nurses, running in, found the friends had gone together.

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THE SILVER HEART.

"Bob" Morgan, the singing lieutenant of the Raleigh, turned up at the club the second day he was in Tokio with a khaki

By WILLIAM RAY GARDINER.

It was a dangerously acute attack of the Japanese fever. Detached from his ship after Dewey's great victory to learn from the Japanese their valuable secret of making smoke-less powder, his lifelong ambition was to yard. be gratified-to spend a year among the shrines and lanterns, the geishas and

rickshaws, the jugglers and the children

with the patchwork hair in the Japanese capital. How much more important than the powder that blows up ships is the powder that the bamboo puff leaves on the cheeks of a museme-by which name all unmarried Japanese women are known-"Singing Bob" never dreamed when he rented native cottage, with its forest garden of dwarf pines and blossoming cherries, its graceful galleries, with slender balustrades, overlooking the Shinagawa Bay; its high garden wall, and the temple roofed

lodge at the gate. Piggot, the Englishman who gave up the house to him, left his liegemen with the premises—the wonderful Watanabe, cook and interpreter, and the parchmentfaced Musaburo, the consumptive cooile, who was both gatekeeper and rickshawman. That there was no mother around did not induce any one to ask a question about Musaburo's shaven-headed baby at

the lodge. Perhaps but for the plaintive baby Morgan would have sent Musaburo away. His ough at nights kept the whole compound awake, but it was only a question of weeks for Musaburo in this world, and he remained at the lodge in peace.

"Singing Bob" was as little troubled with Japanese matrimonial intentions as the Jesuit missionaries down in the settlement, though he had been a guest of the native establishments kept by many of his brother officers and had been taught to believe with them that Japanese mar riages are like Japanese lanterns-to be folded and put out of the way when the candle burned out.

In the silver Trilby heart he wore about his neck-an abnormally large one crested with oxidized fleurs de lis-was the picture of the girl who had clasped it there, a Senator's daughter, with big blue eyes. enough.

But when Watanabe, short and with very fat eyelids and a most ambitious pompadour, appeared respectfully on his knees outside the door, after waiting seven whole days for Morgan to speak, a new perspective was given the Japanese view stretching out before the lieutenant "Donna San, excuse me, but will the

honorable master have young wife, or one who knows the housekeeping?" "Eh?" gasped Morgan, the Trilby heart flopping against his breast. "Ah, yes, to be sure—a young wife or an old one! Give me an hour, Watanabe, and I will tell Watanabe, and I will tell But after a while the patients went you. Never thought the matter over before. Suppose I have to have her, do I?"

Watanabe gave him a look of withering scorn that only a Japanese Here was a griffin indeed! "Piggot San, he have wife. Every foreign masters have Japanese wife! When the cook withdrew, "Singing Bob" burst into a fit of laughter. have a young wife or an old one-will one Little O Gin San came and, as all little "You have forgotten one important tions almost every day with the matron of tem in your story, Joe, and that is the present Mr. Randell gave you for showing stopping to deliver wonderful packages would see again, the little museme, in stopping to deliver wonderful packages would see again, the little museme, in in the sun. for the child, who soon had picture her purple gray kimono, her pearl col-books and toy ponies and all sorts of ored dzukin hood covering her forehead and the lower portion of her laughing face, was the daintiest. No piece of deli- pole." Away they were whisked in an incate Satsuma, no bit of sky colored cloi-

sonne, no fragile ivory carving could compare to her exquisite gracefulness. big blue eyes might open the lid of the having a dance in honor of the midnight Trilby heart and peep out without he- sun. coming jealous or shocked. The next three months was a Tokio honeymoon that the poets from the time of Jimmu Tenno down to the present era have puts bent pins on Deacon Smith's chair tried in vain to describe. Morgan, in his ecstatic state, let O Gin San wear the sil- lage windows. Woughf! But he'll make ver heart. She did not discover it opened. Letters came by every steamer from the he scrambled to climb the pole. Jimmy There were long trips in the Japanese moonlight, in the double rickshaw, with back out of this," said he, and he tried Musaburo in the shafts. As he trotted hard to bite his apple; but it was frozen laboriously along, pulling the rickshaw through the plum bowers and peony plan- and wish as hard as he might, the wish tations, the consumptive coolie looked a would not come if he could not bite the grinning death's head. Moved to pity by apple. O Gin San, Morgan at times called passing rickshaw man from the road and sent the half-dead fellow back to the lodge, where he fell in a coughing fit; or he would be allowed to trot on behind the rickshaw like a faithful dog, a picture of pathos, as Morgan and O Gin San

The turning was sharp. The girl with the big blue eyes wrote that she was coming out to Tokio. "Singing Bob" was plunged into despair. Little O Gin San rubbed his brow and made a coming san garret stale." rubbed his brow, and made a cozier nest than ever in his heart which his hands

could not tear out.

pressed. Morgan came upon her weeping, careme, the paper "confetti" and vari-

"Honorable Donna San: Musaburo died last night. O Gin San have gone and so I have. We beg your honorable pardon. We much fear you anger at us. Musaburo have been wedded husband to O Gin San til: he die. Sae make believe marry you only to get money for buy Musaburo mesicine and to get sweet potatocs for her haby. And O Gin San say please Donna San Bob kindly excuse her—she love Musaburo loyal to death. Sayonara. Watanabe."

The New Twilled Silk Muslie

For the new silks there is a twilled silk mousseline, very fine, thin, and soft, which comes in dark colors and double

THE WISE ANPLE.

A PAIRY TALE BY PUNCE T WOODS.

Jimmy Smith wasn't such a bad tittle oy, but he had a reputation. If a stone courted a window in the village, and the window got snashed, 'twas sure to be Jimmy that was blamed for it. If Willie

quicker and get the cows in from pature sooner than Willie Prime, who was the good little boy of the neighborhood, and Jimmy was a master hustler at chires when he wanted to go a-fishing

But he had a reputation and was a plain boyish boy, who believed ghosts, and fairies, and things.

This particular Saturday afternoon Jin my wanted to "go to the swimmin' hole wid de gang," but misfortune had over-taken him in the shape of a bent pinwhich was found innocently reposing on the seat of Deacon Smith's chair at "aysuit, a terai hat, a paper sun umbrella. the seat of Deacon Smith's chair at and a Japanese pug following to a string. ers that morning. So Jimmy was to to spend the afternoon a prisoner durance vile," in the garret, where he sweltered in the heat and took rare comfort shying dried applies from the win-dow at the fowls and pigs in the barn

> There would be a strange swelling of breasts in that same barn yard after the dried apples had made the acquaintance of the water from the pump trough, and Jimmy chuckled as the thought came to Any sport soon loses its zest to the

> prisoner, and the supply of dried apples showing an appreciable shrinkage, Jimmy thought it was time to quit. He flung himself on an old mattress under the eaves and banged his heels against the rafters overhead. "Wish'd there wuz some fairies up

here," he said. "You do, do you?" piped a thin little voice which seemed to come from the strings of dried apples over his head.

'And what do you want with fairies?' Jimmy opened his eyes wide, and his wider, and stared hard at the strings of dried apples. "I thought you wanted a fairy," piped the thin voice. "Here I am; now what

do you want, hoy?"
"Where are you?" said Jimmy. "I don't see nobody. Who be you?"
"I'm one of the dried apple fairies. said the voice, "that's why my voice is so thin. It's us as makes the apples swell so when you mix 'em with water. When they are all swelled up our voices swell, too, and we step out and enjoy the fun. It is because you have given so many of my friends enjoyment this

afternoon in the barnyard that I want to do something for you.' "Oh!" said Jimmy.
"What would you like most?" "Some apples, and ice cream, and—"
"Hold on! Wait a bit!" broke in the fairy. "Not so fast, please; one thing at a time. Apples are right in my line, but

rest. "Why, I thought fairies could do anything," said Jimmy. their limitations. Speaking of apples, how do you like that one?"

don't know about the ice cream and the

Jimmy opened his eyes wider still when he saw a big rosy apple smiling at him from the edge of a box near his head. "Sure," said the fairy, and Jimmy had ounced on it and taken a big bite, all in a minute. It was so good he took another big mouthful, and then he stared hard.

The bites filled up as fast as he took them and the apple grew whole and rosy again. "Wish when you bite," said the fairy. "Good-by and good luck to you, Jimmy."
"Hallo, are you going?" cried the boy, but no answer came back. "Gee! but this is a luffin good apple,"

again. hole." "Wish'd I wuz in the swimmin' And before the words were fairly out of his mouth he was floundering in the swimming hole with all his clothes on and the other boys throwing mud at him. "Gee!" said he, reaching for his apple, which bobbed along on the water in front of him. Taking a big bite he wished

himself on top of the straw stack to dry The straw stack was hot, and before he stopped to think Jimmy said: this straw stack was on top of the north stant, and Jimmy, nearly frozen and his teeth chattering, found himself looking down from a terrible height, on a great "Singing Bob" thought the girl with the field of ice, where great polar bears were

Looking up they caught sight of Jimmy and a big, old grandfather bear said: "Woughf! Woughf! I smell a bad boy who and who throws stones through the vila dainty salad with walrus fat!" and off "Oh, dear! I'll be good if I ever get so solid that his teeth could not dent it,

Just then he looked down and saw the grandfather bear's great red mouth opened wide to catch him and he felt himself slipping, slipping, slipping! Then, with en awful scream, he fell-bump off the mattress onto the garret floor and woke

"Guess I ate too many dried apples!" mother's voice called at the foot of the

to bend no more pins.' 'Supper is ready," she said.

From Paris Nouvelles.

Paris in Carnival Time.

'Yes'm," he answered, "I ain't goin'

When, some years ago, for the first time, there appeared on the Paris boule O Gin San, too, became suddenly de- vards, in the carnival season, and at Micolored paper ribbons, the whole city "But the course of true love runs uncommonly rough sometimes, as the poot
tells about, and when young Randell
walked boildy up to the big house on the
hill with Lucinda one evening and asked
hill with Lucinda one evening and asked
her father for her hand in marriage it
her was nothing on them to show who
or what they were, except that they were
very poor. It is comprehensible that a
very great deal of attention was paid to
this little companion:
"For days the poor saflor was in much
its arms.
"I cry like Musaburo's naughty baby,
she said. "Don't sorry for me, Donna San
Bob; I galedly cheerfuly to know you love
mether father for her hand in marriage it
her He took the little creature in
his arms.
"I cry like Musaburo's naughty baby,
she said. "Don't sorry for me, Donna San
Bob; I galedly cheerfuly to know you love
mether was nothing on them to show who
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Misery.

Hurrying to the lodge, he pushed the door open. Just inside lay the body of the consumptive gateman, dead from a hemorrhage. Pinned to his kimono was the and throwing again, the little missiles orons rules forbidding the street arabs tested in vain he gave up the matter consumptive gateman, dead from a hemorrhage. Pinned to his kimono was the from gathering up from the sidewalks, note:

"Honorable Donna San: Musaburo died last night. O Gin San have gone and so I have. We beg your honorable pardles with a microbes. The sanitary experts deliable to the sanitary ex clared that these solled confetti distrib. This town could get a water supply of uted the bacilli of disease wherever they 500 barrels a day from struck. The authorities on arboriculture announced that the paper serpentines injured the trees so materially that a conproject was sat down on with a smash. tinuance of the custom of festooning We fathered the project them would surely kill them, hampered as greatly disappointed.

UNCLE ELI'S FABLES.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE BUG. One day the Elephant came down to the pool to drink, and after slaking his thirst he sucked up water in his trunk and squirted it over his big body to cool himself off. He was thus engaged when the Bug came out of a crevice and said:

"Ah, but I have been suffering with the best all days If I were cally any light hand."

Saturday afternoon, his mother was sure that Jimmy had done it.

And yet Jimmy wasn't such a bat little boy after all. He could fill the word box Bug, who was at once swept away in the flood and drowned out of hand.

> THE FOX AND THE OWL. One evening as the Owl was uttering a few hoots and pluming her wings preparatory to rustling about for food she was

"I heard your hoot from afar off and have come to make you a proposition. I m near-sighted, but fleet of foot, while ou are sharp-sighted, but slow of wings.

plied the Owl, as she looked down upon Reymrd with suspicion.

"But how do I know that you won't even eat me?" insisted the Owl, suddenly remembering that her grandmother had mysteriously disappeared after a confab with a Fox.

and I will run them down. You need not even alight." The Owl still doubted, but at length agreed to the partnership, and it was not

overtaken and killed. Fox, as he fell to, and ten minutes later the Owl descended to find nothing but a

ball of fur and a few bones.
"Alas, but I should have known you'd the Fox.

the fur and bones."
"But I can't eat fur and bones!" "Mebbe not; but who said anything about eating? I supposed you were out for the fun of the thing." Moral.-Don't expect to win on the other

plumpness and blackness he cried out: "Oh, Crow, I have never seen a handsomer bird! Your plumage is simply grand!"

"Such pose—such dignity!" continued Traveler. "The Eagle has been called the "So they can, so they can, some of Traveler. "The Eagle has been called the them; but there are others who have King of Birds, but he cannot hold a candle to you." The Crow blinked and winked, but re-

frained from uttering a word.
"I am sure," continued the Traveler, as
he drew nearer, "that such a handsome Bird might equal the Nightingale in song. I pray thee to sing to me."

miration, and I am sure your will but add to it." "I've had a sore throat and the grip."

"Thus urged, the Crow opened his screech that the Traveler took to his heels at once, exclaiming as he fled: "By the great horn spoon, but who'd 'a'

but as a Nightingale I drive away those

The Bulldog saloon has received a brand

On Monday last the editor of the Lone Jack Recorder was taken by the nose and led out of his office and kicked into the brush by a man only five feet high. We have no comment to make

who couldn't tell the difference between measles and smallpox. The mail carrier on the Grass Valley

Tuesday afternoon his honor the mayor (who is ourself) was obliged to throw old old Jim Hewson downstairs in the city hall, and old Jim picked himself up and fired four bullets to kill. No harm was done, however, and the rumors of trag-

fered to prevent an affray, and later on the two men took a drin

Last Sunday Coroner Filkins spent two hours holding an inquest on the skull of

hole to hole, and when the judge had pre

We own a duck saburo loyal to death. Sayonara. Watanabe."

Below there was a postcript, written bohn wow taken your silver heart for a keepsake."

hem would streig kin them, hampered as them would streig kin th

These practical objections to the paper ribbons and confetti resulted in diminishribbons and confetti resulted in diminishing their use at the carnival time. They were still very much in evidence, however, on Shrove Tuesday, but nothing like shooter across the scalp. He yesterdey ever, on Shrove Tuesday, but nothing like so generally as formerly, and the dash of the festival was missing. Before long the the festival was missing. Before long the sightest, and he can now also get the sightest, and he can now also get and escape a headache next day. so generally as formerly, and the dash of the festival was missing. Before long the custom will have entirely disappeared. Semething else will have to be found, for the thinks the discovery worthy of public was a man than the company of the thinks the discovery worthy of public was a man than the company of the company

heat all day! If I were only an Elephant! "Yes; it's very nice, but I guess we can came home with a black eye of a fix things as it is. I've got about enough, day afternoon, his mother vas sure and now I'll attend to your case. Stand

Moral.—We would be safer if some of our friends wished us evil.

accosted by the Fox with:

ppose we hunt together and divide the rane?"
"But from my earliest infancy I have eet told that you were full of guile," re-

"Alla mistake, my dear bird. Such talk comes from the fact that my ears are cut on the bias. As I said, we will hunt to-gether and make a divide."

"Listen to me," continued Reynard, with great earnestness. "You simply flare about and use your eyes to uncover Hares,

long before her sharp eyes espied a Hare in her form, and she called to the Fox. It was but a short chase ere the Hare was "I'll eat my half and retire," said the

trick me in some manner!" she called to "Gently, thou wall eyed," he replied from the thicket. "It was to be a divide, and I have taken the meat and left you

man's game. THE TRAVELER AND THE CROW. A Traveler on the highway chanced upon a Crow seated on a limb of a roadside tree, and being struck by the Bird's

The Crow blinked at him, but had nothing to say in reply.

"Please excuse me to-day," replied the Crow, as he closed his eyes as if to sleep. "But I may not. Your dignity, pose, and plumage have excited my great ad-

protested the Crow.
"Ah, that is but an excuse to veil your modesty. Sing me but one little song and he smacked his lips and bit into it

> Moral-Knowing our weaknesses, we should conceal them as much possible. "That's another case of it," sighed the Crow, as he moved farther back into the shade. "As a Crow I am all right,

who would be my friends.' ARIZONA KICKLETS.

of whisky called "Angels' Tipple," and a two-peg drink of it is warranted to take any man in the Territory off his feet within ten minutes. The idea is a long drink for a little money.

a country of surprises. Dr. John Wheelan departed for the East three or four days ago, and will not return to Giveadam Guich. He was not driven out, but had the sense to see that the field was not a good one for a doctor

route got in forty minutes ahead of tim Wednesday afternoon. He says that a cinnamon bear picked him up at Silver Creek and chased him four miles, and to beat the bear he had to beat his record. As postmaster, we wish that bears were more numerous on all the other routes.

edy flying around town need excite nobody. In a little discussion as to whether a mule draws a long breath when he kicks Maj. Wharton and Capt. Camposil pulled their guns on each other at the Bootleg saloon the other evening. Friends inter-

We fathered the project, but we were not

there was a look of settled sadness on her countenance, she was still the handsom in the place, and it was rumored that she had refused many flattering offers of marriage.

Sensible yet, for it seemed he mistoos the sailor for his dead papa, and he said ver which, and so one night the steamboat came width, and apparently it will make the coolest, most serviceable, kind of a gown. Its light upon the little hospital.

The sailor, looking into the little fel
"Good night," said the sailor, in a very indeed.

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